

# Literary Supplement

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## Another Belle Dame Sans Merci

"The Green Hat" by Michael Arlen. New York, George H. Doran.

IT is not very hard to understand why Michael Arlen's novels are popular. They deal with a more brilliant milieu than most of us have the luck to move in. They tell of a life full of colour, romance and charm, a life where living is an artistically wrought pattern, artificial and unnatural, as much above real life as art is above nature. It is a life that never was on land or sea, but one in which we can move and have our being for a little while in Mr. Arlen's ornate pages. His ladies are delicately lovely, ineffably sweet, graceful and witty. They are beautiful—and weak, and unfaithful, knowing that beauty is a gallant coin that shines most in use, a thing to be admired and loved and passed from hand to hand. Of the men it can be said that they are worthy of the women who are given to them, or more exactly, who give themselves to them.

Such a lovely lost lady was Iris Storm, the heroine of *The Green Hat*. She was a wonderful creature was this Iris Storm, and she came into the life of the narrator in a strange way. She had come to see her brother in his little Mayfair flat, and the man who tells the story, knowing her brother, his neighbour, to be dead drunk at the moment upstairs, invited her into his own apartment where they talked for hours on life and literature before she finally curled up and sank to sleep on his bed. She was a wonderful creature was Iris Storm, born Iris March.—

"You felt she had outlawed herself from somewhere, but where was that somewhere? You felt she was tremendously indifferent as to whether she was outlawed or not. In her eyes you saw the landscape of England, spacious and brave; but you felt unreasonably certain that she was as devoid of patriotism as Mary Stuart. She gave you a sense of the conventions; but she gave you—unaware always, impersonal always, and those cool, sensible eyes!—a much deeper sense that she was somehow outside the comic, squalid, sometimes almost fine laws, by which we judge as to what is not conventional... And so I had with this woman that profound sense of incapability, of defeat, which any limited man must feel with a woman whose limitations he cannot know. She was—in that phrase of Mr. Conrad's which can mean so little or so much—she was of all time."

Her host fell under the spell. At least he was careful to find out all that was to be known of this lady in the green hat. At first he heard little to her credit. She had survived two husbands—both of them had died in mysterious ways, one committing suicide by leaping from their hotel window on their marriage night. Loved by many, she was an outcast of society, and it became scandalously clear that if she was staunch in her friendships, she was light in her loves.

(Continued on page four)

## Eclipse

IT is well-known to all the righteous that the sun never sets on the British Empire. This is a mark of the special favour of the deity toward that illustrious polity. But we have just experienced a Solar Eclipse. Less civilised people like the Greeks would have taken this as a mark of the disfavour of their Gods, but the British show their superiority by thinking just what it pleases them to think about it and nothing else. For courage is, as we all know, the hall-mark of the civilized; and intellectual courage is the greatest of all courages. Now the Greeks were so cowardly that they allowed that any man who gave in to "hubris" which means "insolence," became the object of the jealousy and therefore the vengeance of the gods: the Greeks had not had the courage to capture and control the gods they had made in their own image.

This achievement remained for the British and marks the near advent of the Millennium—when all the world shall be under British rule. The British bourgeoisie, the backbone of the Empire, has heard that its de-

## Of Misers

Individuals whose Thrift was Emphatically a Saving Grace

by W. Graeme Taylor

PURPLE-CLAD misers in chariots may have thundered through the market-place where their fellow misers with wooden alms-bowls lay grovelling on the cobblestones. For truly there have been misers in all walks of life. Kings and kings' councillors have scrimped their expenditure on the table, on pleasure, and on entertaining so that they could augment the supplies of the counting-house. Princes, more seldom perhaps, but still in some frequency, have hoarded their funds. Queens, and not least in this respect was the last and greatest who was queen in her own right, have more than all other members of royalty, shown decidedly cautious methods for the disposal of their annual grants.

The mighty of the earth have had no more direct claim to this character

contemporaries probably considered our stone-age man's activities eccentric. But, as he indubitably informed them, they lacked vision. Time would justify what they, who did not have the faculty of thinking in terms several ages in advance of their century, chose to call in some more vigorous language of that day, unpractical nonsense and tomfoolery.

But the long survival of the habit in the past does not guarantee its duration in the future. And surely when one recalls some of the best-known exponents of the practice in former years, and then seeks among acquaintances of the present to find modern representatives of these several types one is struck by their absence?

Those old boys who hoarded here a hundred years ago seem to have been gathered to their fathers in their respective frugal ways, leaving few disciples behind them. Consider these shining lights of their calling, for instance, and you cannot help realizing that their like has gone from the earth and "the world shall know them no more":—

Quite a hundred years ago there was in England an old fellow of the name of Williams—Shanky Williams his friends called him. This Williams led a niggardly life, tramping through the country as a sort of vagabond pedlar. He fell ill in a lodging house at Bristol when he was very old. Shanky knew he was going to die, but nevertheless his only thought was to make money. So after enquiring from the landlord about the town's body-snatchers, he called three of the most notorious to his death-bed; arranging, however, that he was visited by each one separately, so that the body-snatchers did not know that their confreres in the trade had also been on the ground. Shanky sold his body to each of the three—for cash. And when he died and the body-snatchers came to claim the corpse there was such confusion that none of the three obtained Shanky's remains.

Another miser, whose walk in life—apart from the parsimonious practices they had in common—was very different from Shanky's, was a reverend divine, a one-time Curate of Blewberry. This clergyman kept no servants, but performed all his household duties himself. For forty-three years he was known to wear the same hat and coat. The hat lacked a brim and one day when the clergyman was walking through a field he saw a scarecrow on which someone had fastened a discarded hat. He took the brim from the scarecrow's hat and fastened it on to the crown of his own—the composite creation having a brown crown and a jet black brim. His stockings, which he washed and repaired himself, were said to be so mended that there was hardly a stitch of the original worsted left, and though he possessed several shirts he would only wear one. The shirt he did wear he washed only three times a year—lest it should be worn out by the rubbing—and he patched the upper portion with cuttings from the tail. He slept without his shirt, and on those rare occasions when it was

—S.

## Vain Comfort

A LL dear, sweet things grow gray;  
Time steals the fire from eyes,  
And cracks clear laughter's bell,  
Making of truths sad lies,  
Changing felicities  
To memories.

Ah, then, and shall I dream  
Beside a glowing fire  
Of old, far faded things  
Without desire,  
Content with the cold ash  
Of beauty's pyre,

Murmuring that memories  
Are in themselves sweet things,  
Lying that loveliness  
Looked on too long but brings  
Satiety? False, false  
Cold comfort rings.

pends the British scientists have foretold an eclipse: that is to say the eclipse has occurred under its own auspices. It has therefore decided that the eclipse is respectable: it will notice it: the truth is that the Pantheon of the British people has arranged the eclipse for the amusement of its devotees, and since its devotees themselves have the courage to dictate its actions to that Pantheon, this must be true. The British bourgeoisie will therefore go to their greenhouses, where they grow better tomatoes than can be grown anywhere else in the world, and will break a window. Father will do so, because he is head of the family: he is much too clever to cut himself. He will then smoke it over a match, with which he has lit his pipe: he is much too adroit to burn himself, and if the cares of responsibility should have made his hand unsteady and he should by mischance burn himself, that will not matter, for nothing is but what seems, and Father is much too brave to show his pain. The other members of the family, because they belong body and soul to Father and there-

teristic, however, than they have held on profligacy and dissipation, and many a court scullion, if caution alone was the chief quality which fitted a man to control a large amount of wealth, has had better right than the sovereign he served, to occupy the throne. But although the underling never gained an opportunity to make full use of his capabilities, he continued to employ them to an extent compatible with his position.

There seems to be no dim historical personage we can remember as the innovator of the custom, although Mr. G. K. Chesterton—granting that he considers a too rigid practice of economy disgraceful—might hazard the remark that it needs no ghost to inform us of such-a-one's nationality. Anyway, the practice started long ago, for misers are mentioned in the Biblical stories. And who knows that the buried bone-yards and stores of stone weapons which archaeologists periodically discover are not but the fruits of some stone-age man's labours?

Doubtless that stone-age gentleman's good spouse complained of the litter which always cluttered up her cave-door. Also his neighbouring

(Continued on page three)

(Continued on Page Four)

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### "Be Good, Sweet Maid..."

**T**HE very disconcerting, if not actually immoral proposition that goodness and cleverness are somehow incompatible, that they have separated, are no longer living together and will shortly obtain a divorce seems to have amounted almost to an obsession among the Victorian writers.

Charles Kingsley, certainly a very good man himself, gave, perhaps, the clearest and most definite statement of this cleavage between virtue and brilliance in that sweet flower of lyric didacticism where he advises somebody to "be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever." The great Laureate himself was almost as certain of the impossibility of being both good and clever, and there is no doubt but that he also was on the side of the angels and the Queen. Kind hearts and simple faith, he holds, and rightly, are more than the brilliant, clever, witty society of Vere de Vere. In the mind of Thackeray there was no doubt of the existence of the great gulf, but there was some as to which side the author of "Vanity Fair" could claim as his natural habitat. Certainly clever Becky Sharp is a much more attractive picture than silly little goody Amelia. Dickens was a more commendable moralist, and one would never get an inkling from his books that clever people are not good—for the simple reason that while many of his characters are obnoxiously good or obnoxiously bad, none of them by any stretch of imagination can be called clever. But it was an earlier man—Byron, who was probably the *raison d'être* of the legend of the incompatibility of cleverness and virtue. Later on that legend was told and retold, expanded, amplified, and distorted by the Victorians—with some terrible results.

The natural reaction to such a doctrine was that the brighter spirits turned with a rebellious denial against the respectable masters. "Be good, sweet maid," they said, "and let who will be clever" is all very well for sweet maids, but as for us, we prefer to be clever." The logical result was the Nineties, Art for Art's Sake, Oscar Wilde, and a decadence built upon as firm a philosophical foundation as the art from which it was declining. The clever became exceedingly rude to the good, and the good were exceedingly harsh to the clever.

This was an extremely lamentable state of affairs, and one which still persists to a certain extent. Many people, even today, are convinced that Bernard Shaw's plays cannot be good because they are clever, though Saint Joan has lately come as a great shock to them. Similarly much very fine free verse is damned by the prejudiced because it happens to express clever ideas in a clever way. The time is coming, however, when the artificial gulf between the good and the clever will be overcome, when it will be realised that nothing can be clever unless it is also good, and nothing good that is not clever. Then dullness and evil will be banished from the earth. Sermons will be bright and witty, and listening to them a cheerful intellectual exercise rather than a pious soporific. Instead of crying "Be good, sweet maid," poets will sing "Be clever, dear, and then you can't go wrong!" Indeed, even now, no one thinks it very clever to go wrong.

### Variation on a Montaigne Motif

"**T**IS a strong evidence of a weak judgment", says Montaigne "when men approve of things for their being rare and new, or where virtue and usefulness are not conjoined to recommend them."

This is profoundly true; but so is its converse. It is no less an evidence of weak judgment when men approve of things solely because they are old and classic, and where virtue and usefulness have long since faded out of them.

The former error is one common to young students, the latter to old professors, and it is laughable to observe how each rails at the other in this shadowy battle between the new and the old, like boys with dirty faces mocking one another, neither able to notice his own comical visage.

## The Causes of Crime

H. E. Novick

**T**HERE are various kinds of crime; economic, sexual, political, crimes from motives of vengeance, pathological crimes, etc. All these crimes are caused by certain impulses about which there has arisen an elaborate amount of literature, an enormous collection of statistics and controversies that are ever increasing in volume.

The discussion of crime wanders very often from the social conditions or environments to the man or woman behind the scenes—the criminal.

Now what kind of a person is this criminal?

Such is the question put by the citizen to himself, and immediately comes the answer—he is of a cruel and most beastly type. It would however shock this citizen, perhaps, to read some of the opinions of recent criminologists and sociologists: "the criminal is an undeveloped individual" or "it is society itself that is to blame."

I confess that at first sight my personal contact with the criminal gave my opinion a rude shock, for I was inculcated with the dogmata of a different school than that of these students of crime. Some claim disease as the cause of crime; others that the criminal is solely the product of the rottenness of our present economic system.

What the causes that have produced the criminal are I will attempt to present in a condensed form, and to give an outline of the theories and remedies that have been suggested for the eradication of crime.

One of the greatest experts on this subject, in his day, was Professor Cesare Lombroso. His explanation of the existence of crime was based on the "atavistic theory," by which criminal traits of character are supposed to be inherited from very remote ancestors. Lombroso, by assiduous study and experience, was led to formulate some means of detecting the criminal by particular physical characteristics. His "criminal man" of a thick mop of hair, bushy eyebrows, high cheek bones, and long jaw is quite famous. Even the "criminal woman" was not forgotten, and in his "Female Offender" he says that precosity and virility are signs of the woman criminal. The atavistic theory and most of Lombroso's theories, have been completely shattered, but he is always considered and respected as the "great Master" and one of the leading pioneers in the study of crime.

Another group that has had great influence is the Socialist school, in which are included such men as Bebel, Engels, Lafargue, Ferri and Boeniger.

Dr. Adrian Boeniger, in his "Criminology and Economic Conditions" lays the blame of crime at the door of the capitalistic system. Although admitting the existence of criminals who have a psychopathological tendency to crime he says that these are so few, that they are almost unnoticeable. All crimes, including even the psychopathic, find their origin in economic conditions. Our economic system, says Dr. Boeniger, is based on capitalist exploitation, whereby one class of society accumulates enormous wealth, lives a life of luxury, has satisfaction of all wants, brings up its children in refinement and in a pleasant environment, whilst another class lives a life of poverty and misery, and its children are brought up in a squalid environment, living in houses of one or two rooms, under the influence of an alcoholic father, and in an immoral atmosphere where education is ignored.

Enrico Ferri, the eminent Italian sociologist, although a Socialist is not

too hopeful of erasing all crime under a collectivist state of society. Ferri, unlike Boeniger, believes biological influences to be more important in many cases than economic influence in causing crime. I am quoting from his interesting work "Socialism and Modern Science," written after his conversion to socialism:—

"To contend that socialism will cause the disappearance of all forms of crime is to act upon the impulse of a generous sentiment, but the contention is not supported by a rigorously scientific observation of the facts... If we suppress poverty and the shocking inequality of economic conditions, hunger, acute and chronic, will no longer serve as a stimulus to crime. Better nourishment will bring about a physical and moral improvement. The abuses of power and of wealth will disappear, and there will be a considerable diminution in the number of crimes due to circumstances (crimes d'occasion), crimes caused principally by the social environment. But there are some crimes which will not disappear, such as revolting crimes against decency due to a pathological perversion of the sexual instinct, homicides induced by epilepsy, thefts which result from a psychopathological degeneration, etc."

He admits however that a socialist system will tend to mitigate all degenerating forces. Ferri also believes in the existence of criminals who have the "congenital tendency to crime"—a doctrine so severely criticized by Boeniger.

The Olson-Hickson Theory, founded on the views of Kraepelin and Bleuler in Europe, considers that "crime is caused by a physical defect of the brain. This defect renders its victim 'so far below normal in emotion that he has little or no conscience.'" That is to say, all criminals have no scruples of morality and no emotion, and would therefore commit crime without feelings of shame. This physical defect is known technically as *Dementia Praecox*, and is inherited. A certain writer also claims in commenting on this theory, that 89% of all crimes are due to heredity. However, according to Kraepelin, the physical defect is by no means the sole cause of crime.

In his work "*Dementia Praecox*" Prof. Kraepelin, mentions certain effects of this disease namely, hallucinations of hearing, hallucinations of sight, ideas of sin, ideas of persecution, exalted ideas. From what is known of the criminal, on the other hand he by no means invariably has these characteristics.

Havelock Ellis, is not so despairing of the present as are the writers quoted above, for he says, "The rising flood of criminality is merely an additional spur to that great task of social organization to which, during the coming century, we are called."

W. D. Morrison in "Crime and its Causes" asserts that "prosperity generates criminal inclinations as well as adversity, and on the whole the rich are just as much addicted to crime as the poor."

We have now reached the point where various remedies are suggested for improving conditions. The Socialist thesis is well known. Others such as Ellis and Carroll approve of the existence of capitalism and think that crime is part and parcel of social evolution. Messrs. Olson-Hickson have suggested "sterilization" as a remedy. This plan can best be explained in the words of Mr. Strother: "All crime can be eliminated in a gen-

(Continued on page four)

*Artists and Models**at His Majestys*

"*Artists and Models*" belongs to a certain extent with the drama of realism in that it is an accurate copy of life. It mirrors life not only in its variety, its speed and its beauty, but in its crude humour, its hearty vulgarity and its occasional lapses into sentimentalism. In spite of its title, it is thus much further removed from art in the direction of life than is the only other similar production that we have seen here this year—"Charlot's Revue." "*Artists and Models*" falls a long way behind the English revue as a work of art. It lacks the polish and finish and has nothing of the delicate wit and subtle satire of the London show. Its comedy is of a broader and lower type—for Comedy, like the Church, has its dimensions and can be High, Low or Broad. There is some jolly plain speaking scattered throughout the lines, and a little refreshing coarseness more akin to life than art.

This is most apparent in "All Wet", a delightful burlesque on "Rain". This was undoubtedly the cleverest, and, to my mind, the most screamingly funny feature of the whole show. Its morals, very properly from the viewpoint of the dramatist, if not from that of the moralist, were those of the semi-savage South Sea island on which the scene of the playlet was laid. The plot concerns Sadie Thompson, an adventuress, skilfully portrayed by George Rosener, who charms the men of Pago Pago, an island in the South Pacific, where it rains most of the time. Mr. Davidson, a visiting missionary attempts to reform Sadie, but soon succumbs to the lure of her easy virtue. Sadie, herself, was priceless, and her account of how she was a good girl once—just once, must be heard to be believed. The Rev. Davidson's heroic struggle with him—

*Words,  
Idle Words*

Gordon W. Levy

**E**GOISM AND EGOTISM. These two words have always aroused my ire. I could never distinguish between them. Even today, I cannot tell which is which. Books I read give no clue to their distinct meanings; they use them indiscriminately. People whom I ask hem and haw, go off at a tangent, and finally declare that there is no difference or boldly confess their ignorance. In one of my sudden moments of frantic despair, I consulted a dictionary—the first I could lay hands upon. It was an abridged one, so I thumbed the pages with a sinking feeling. Ah, there it was! "Egoism-egotism" and a little further down: "Egotism—subjective idealism." I ran to a bigger dictionary, a more voluminous, and at least beautifully bound, with coloured pictures and tabulated statistics. "Egoism," said this book, was "a passionate love of self;" "Egotism," on the other hand, was "an exaggerated love of self!" I gave it up in despair. I have never gone near a good dictionary, lest I find something similar there, and my despair be turned to complete disgust.

**STUBBORN AND OBSTINATE.** Similarly with "stubborn" and "obstinate." In high school I learned that if one was a gentleman he reserved one term for animals in general and the other particularly for the two-legged mules. But which is which? I often wonder, if on being termed "stubborn," my denouncer is trying to be a gentleman, is decidedly insulting, or is in the same dilemma that I am. I eye him suspiciously, but, more

self not to give in to the fair charmer was a religious education.

The finest individual comedy work was that of Jack Pearl. He is a Jewish comedian with a new and original type of offering, and his dialogue with Ben Bard and his performance in the Cave of Innocence scene were a constant ripple of delight.

An artistic note was struck in several scenes of real beauty, among which "The Flowers of Evil", "When Beauty Calls" and "Japanese Prints" are deserving of special praise.

"The Critic" by James Montgomery Flagg was a rather absurd variation on the theme that all critics are jealous and envious detractors of creative art. George Rosener, as an old soldier, gave an effective interpretation of a civil war veteran in a skit that was marred by much futile and pointless by-play.

The singing, with one or two exceptions was not above the average though the dancing, both of individuals and of the chorus was very good, and the statuettes, gauzily draped beauty of many of the "models" was not the least attractive feature of the revue.

—A. J. M. S.

*Reductio ad Absurdum*

*Catholicism and the English Mind* by Humphrey Johnson. Published by Basil Blackwell, Oxford. Price:—one shilling and sixpence net.

THE writer of this review has recently had the pleasure of perusing one of the most interesting pieces of Catholic propaganda which it has been his fortune to read in a long time. The subtle author of "Catholicism and the English Mind" had inserted on the title-page beneath the title itself "his advertisement: A study in religious psychology. The presumption was, quite naturally enough, that the discussion would be a sharp analysis of the singular mental and social forces which seem to be turning men's minds in England to that particular aberration of Christianity known to the faithful as "Anglo-Catholicism." The disillusionment which came with greater knowledge of the pamphlet was not changed to disappointment, for Mr. H. J. T. Johnson's system of rationalization is based entirely on the simple expedient of demonstrating what ardent asses non-Catholics are, and in this the great apologist succeeds

very well, and so on the whole has given us a most entertaining satire of the upholder, the well-doer, the god-slayer, and in fact all types of thinkers on social problems. Mr. Johnson might have done better, it is quite conceivable, if he had left out the few pages of description of the young Catholic at the end of his book, for one can hardly help getting the impression that this amiable person is also somewhat of an ass.

The brochure opens with a dialogue on divorce and moves on to one on faith and authority, which consumes the major part of the book. Those taking part in the dialogue are all kinds of what Humphrey Johnson probably regards as hopeless fools, ranging all the way from vegetarians, eugenists, petty pamphleteers, free-thinkers, and Low Churchmen to a rabbi and controllers of birth. These people are made to emit their inanities, (punctuated occasionally by words of wisdom from the young Catholic pearl-thrower, Basil Gordon, a student of Christ Church), which are intended to take the place of stones in an intellectual Jasonic conflict, till at last we see little Basil, Jason-like, standing alone.

Canon Maudesley, who opens the debate in "Catholicism and the English Mind" is essentially wrong, because he is Anglican instead of Catholic, but he is made to expose himself to the ridicule of all when, refusing to accept the authority of either Church or Gospel on faith, he avers his inborn reliance on morals of non-provable authenticity.

Sir Ralph Middleton, whose hobby is agitation for reform in the divorce laws, undergoes much brutal self-exposure in the dialogue. A single example is when he casually says, "Italy, Spain, and Ireland have as yet failed to fall into line with the rest of the civilized world (if indeed we can consider those countries to be part of it)!"

The Warden of Rochester College commits a laughable stupidity in his attempt to discriminate between geniuses and morons at the gate of everlasting life. He says, "Are we to believe that the majestic spirits of a Goethe, or of a Darwin, throned upon high in the Kingdom of God, are to be disturbed in the fruition of their eternal beatitude by the company of the spirit of an ignorant unwashed, bigoted Irish peasant? Our reason and, our conscience alike answer 'No!'" It might be said in reply, to neglect altogether the aspect of the boresomeness of a heaven of geniuses, that Goethe and Darwin might carry on their work in their heavenly home to a much greater advantage if they had a gallery of dirty peasants who at least could appreciate them.

A certain Dr. Jenkins, free-thinker and wax figure in Mr. Johnson's Rogues' Gallery, falls into the following sly humor: "What English theologian of to-day who cared for his scientific reputation would dare to defend the legend of the Virgin birth, rooted as its origin is in the pathogenetic myths of the lower culture?" Can this morsel have slipped in unbeknown to Mr. Johnson?

Thus there is presented before our contemplation a number of deluded sheep who are objects of just ridicule and if such are the only alternatives to Catholicism, we may all well fall back on the church, "quae super petram aedificata est."

—A. B. L.

*I Have Dreamed*

I have dreamed of writing sonnets for you  
As fresh and free and beautiful as sunlight  
Pouring through black branches; see where one bright  
Yellow maple leaf against the sky's blue  
Dances and sparkles in the glint of a few  
Thin stray rays, and shines—as some song might,  
With a clear beauty, if I could only write  
About you in the way I want to do.  
  
My dear, my dear, I love you so intensely;  
My love is not sunlight but a wind  
Blowing through leaves and gnarled branches densely  
Interwined; it is a windy thief  
Crashing across the orchard of my mind,  
Tearing a song down like a crumpled leaf.

N. R.

*Eclipse*

(Continued from Page One.)

fore have some reflected importance, will be allowed a few seconds glimpse through the glass, but most of the available time will be required for Father, since he knows and understands all things and his opinion on any subject is therefore valuable. His opinion will be duly expressed and the family will receive it in appropriate awe. Other people may differ, but for that reason they will be wrong. It will subsequently pass as an incident into the family epic to be related in the evenings after business by Father standing before the altar of the Lares and Penates with his back to the fire. The recital will be somewhat as follows—"Some years ago, when I was a little younger, there was an Eclipse of the Sun. I watched it of course. Smith, Jones, Robinson, and Brown; the members of my club and my employees wished to hear my opinion about it. I—and so on. This has been a very successful eclipse."

—VESPASIANO.

*Of Misers*

(Continued from Page One.)

being washed, went without it. His fire wood he picked up from hedges and fallen trees, though his shed was well-filled with good fire wood. In cold weather he sat by some kind-hearted neighbour's fire, or, if no invitations were forthcoming, retired to his bed. He spent about fifty cents a week on his whole maintenance!

Daniel Dancer was another miser of the old school. He had a servant whose duties were to assist his master in gathering old bones. Daniel paid this servant fifty cents a week. He had an income of almost \$20,000 a year; yet to save the expense of a towel after washing he dried himself by standing in the sun. As an example of Daniel's business acumen there is a story of how, after buying an old hat from an old clothes dealer for twenty-five cents, he sold it on the following day for thirty-five.

Certainly the like of Shanty Williams, the Revend Curate of Blewberry and Daniel Dancer would be hard to find nowadays.

But if we no longer have the genuine, old-fashioned miser among us, at least, there is the modern substitute. And typically modern it is with its subterfuge and worship of convention; for those hoarders of by-gone days had a sturdy eccentricity which they would not have made so evident unless lacking it up was an individuality, that if it was not strong, was by no means negligible.

But our neighbours, the Jones, have no individuality. Nor are the Jones even decently niggardly. The Jones are just mean.

But the present cannot boast of any originality in its possession of the Joneses. In an encyclopedia I find the following entry under the name of Cooke of Pentonville:—

"Thomas Cooke, of Pentonville who died in 1812, leaving great wealth, was known to put on ragged clothes and apply as a pauper, at gentlemen's houses, for a dispensary letter, for the cure of his eyes. In his latter days, when wearing a well-powdered wig, and long ruffles, he would pretend to fall in a fit at a door, and if assistance was offered would ask for water; and if pressed to take wine, would appear reluctantly to consent, and then drink two glasses. Meanwhile he was discovered to be the rich Mr. Cooke, the sugar-baker, worth a hundred thousand pounds. In a few days he paid a second visit about dinner time, under the pretence of thanking the gentleman for saving his life the other day; he stayed to dinner, caressed all the children, and took their names in writing, and the parents thus believed he would leave them legacies. Then poured in upon Cooke presents of provisions, most of which he sold; he drank water; his 'gorgandizing gluttonous maids' table beer. Cooke had, by the above manœuvre, caught a paper-maker named King, who did him many kindnesses; but upon King falling into difficulties, and applying to Cooke for help, he could only get from him advice never to drink another pint of beer there being 'plenty of pumps.' And among other meanness the miser who was ceremoniously religious used to take the sacrament at home; 'it saves my pocket' said he; 'at church I must put a shilling into the plate.' At length death came for the miser; he sent for medical men—some would not attend; but a surgeon who came was turned out of the house for cheating Cooke by sending medicine when the medical man had told him he could only live six days. Cooke's executors gave him what he would have considered an extravagant funeral; but the mol-

*Chant du Cygne*

**M**Y pale white-feathered beauty, slender  
Naiad of the blanched water-lilies drooping  
Plume-crested, peaceful, fluttering and tender,  
Flushed by the ruby sunset peeping.

Too pure to live, fair drifter, gliding  
Thou ripple'st forth thy parting lay;  
God! how it pierces the heart in its chiding,  
O flute-voiced dirge, farewell with the day!

'Neath trembling cadence in the twilight sky,  
Float, inert feathers o'er cool waters deep  
Could I so trill but once and die—  
The lilies weep, for thou dost sleep.

E. L. H.

*The Causes of Crime*

(Continued from page two)

eration or two. Prisons will give way to human segregation farms, where the victims of 'hereditary defects' will live happily but cannot harm society. Men and women will occupy separate farms, and in a generation or two, by this humane form of negative eugenics, the race will rid itself of the tainted blood stream that is the cause of crime." Therefore all criminals, instead of being sent to prison, will spend the rest of their days on farms. This plan is being given serious attention by many people to the south.

On the other side, Bonger says, "As far as I can see, in the English-speaking countries, the causes of criminality are sought in man himself rather than in his surroundings. Heredity too is considered there of great importance. Hence the attempts to reduce the army of criminals by so-called 'sterilization.' Further on: 'That heredity plays a great part on the scene of criminality has never been proved. Have the advocates of sterilization, one should be inclined to ask, never heard of Australia, where a considerable number of the inhabitants are descended from the worst of criminals and where nevertheless the rate of criminality is low?'

But Ferri, because he had confidence in the powers of heredity, thought otherwise. After attacking prisons as "the hypocritical absurdity of modern penal systems" he says: "In its stead the criminologists wish to substitute the simple segregation of individuals who are not fitted for social life on account of pathological conditions, congenital or acquired, permanent or transitory."

I am forced, in conclusion, to touch upon a vital question which has been given so much attention in the past and, unless reform is forthcoming will continue to be heard from in the future, I mean capital punishment. I am firmly convinced that all right

pelted with cabbage stalks the procession from the miser's house at Pentonville to his grave. However he in some measure atoned for his avarice, by bequeathing some £10,000. among four charitable institutions."

So much for Cooke; and if the Jones—though I do not for one minute believe they will—should chance to bestow several thousand dollars to charity on their decease, then herein will be a further example of the thought expressed by Kipling (if it is proper in these times of nice aestheticism to quote Kipling).

"We are very little changed  
From the semi-apes who ranged  
India's prehistoric clay.  
Who shall doubt the secret hid  
Under Cheops' pyramid,  
Was that the contractor did  
Cheops out of several millions?"

thinking people are opposed to the existence of this relic of hatred, cruelty and narrowmindedness.

The altar of modern capital punishment has been built upon the ashes of ancient iniquity. There are still many of P. T. Barnum's friends who howl for its existence because the Bible says "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth."

It is surprising to note that of all advanced sciences the legal science that has most to do with the murderer and his relations with society, lags far behind. The law merely judges the man for what he has done but refuses to investigate the hidden impulses of such a deed, the inner secrets of his mind. It is for this reason that Forel and others have advocated the adoption of some psychological course in the legal curriculum.

Perhaps there would have been some change were it not for the blood-thirstiness of the mob. And many demagogues have spurred on the masses with that ever sickening cry that the abolition of capital punishment will increase crime. Capital punishment has been used in Canada since its very existence: has crime diminished? The murderer will commit the crime, whether you have or have not capital punishment. It is the environment that is to blame. If the impulses will drive him to it, he will act. Murders are committed without use of reason, while at the basis is passion.

Is murder habitual? Will their release from prison after a number of years, (if not put on sterilization farms) induce them to murder again? The answer is in the negative. And it is not a sociologist who says it but one who has had considerable experience with the criminal, Sir Basil Thompson, formerly head of the British Secret Service (Scotland Yard). Sir Basil writes in one of his works: "you have to be in charge of a prison in order to realize that the murderer is rarely a criminal by nature at all. But for the grace of God he is just you and I, only more unlucky. Most murders are committed without any deep laid plot.... The murderer is repentant, and is planning only how he can earn an honest living after he is discharged."

Multitude, solitude; equal terms mutually convertible by the active and begetting poet. He who does not know how to people his solitude does not know either how to be alone in a busy crowd.

—Baudelaire.

**A**RT is that imaginative expression of human energy, which, through technical concretion of feeling and perception, tends to reconcile the individual with the universal, by exciting in him impersonal emotion. And the greatest Art is that which excites the greatest impersonal emotion in an hypothecated perfect human being.

—John Galsworthy.

*Another Belle Dame**Sans Merci*

(Continued from Page One.)

Then suddenly, in an all-night club in Pall Mall, Iris Storm meets her first love, Napier Harpenden, from whose arms she had long since been torn by the ambition of the boy's father. They looked at each other...

"Napier had started round, looked blank; tall, slender, dark-haired, dark eyes always fevered with a fear of you could never tell what—they almost blinked now, you thought, at the light that Iris was, and she with her pools of eyes simply blazing with surprise and an unsure smile parting the painted mouth. 'Napier!' 'Iris!' 'As though, you know, someone with a soft 'There!' had turned a tap somewhere. They smiled completely."

So the trouble began. For Napier was engaged and soon married to a lovely little girl with the charming Christian name of Venice. The essence of the story is a study of what then ensued. Things are moving now, inevitably. Napier's old passion for Iris, and her's for him, is driving him, in spite of the patrician ideals to which he has been bred, to a scandalous and sensational clopement.

How it ended, how they all behaved very nobly—Napier to his wife; Venice, dear, lovely, heart-broken Venice, to Napier; and Iris, the misunderstood sweet to them all—must be left for the reader to find out. The closing portions of the book are much superior to the beginning. The tale loses its jewelled discursiveness, the threads of the plot are drawn into a golden strand and we are treated to vivid elegant melodrama leading up to the lady's renunciation and death. The final strenuous interview between the representatives of English democracy and the two who propose to defy them and their creed in the belief that he who is well lost for love is a thrilling and well constructed preparation for the tragic finale, which should make the dramatised version of the book an immense success when it is presented on the stage.

Nevertheless in spite of the ephemeral popular appeal that the work of Mr. Arlen may justly claim, it falls short of artistic achievement. It is not all so modern and sophisticated as it attempts to be. There is a false note somewhere—a straining after effect. The theme of *La Belle Dame sans Merci* is not, after all, a very new one. And Mr. Arlen's style is at the best an affectation, at the worst a bore. It is modelled on the painted prose of the literary bloods of the nineties, and we may find an extremely interesting exercise in attempting to recall the influences that have been the green dye in Mr. Milner Arlen's bonnet for his lovely lady. There are traces of Dowson's studied melancholy, of George Moore's affected impropriety, even of Oscar Wilde's artistic banalities. And we must conclude that the author of *The Green Hat* is something of a poseur. His work certainly cannot hold a candle to that of Max Beerbohm or Aldous Huxley.

—A. J. M. S.

**I**N the realm of the aesthetic there are no pure or impure subjects. The highest subject may be contaminated by an ignoble form, the lowliest may be transmuted by nobility of embodiment.

—Friedrich Hebbel.

# Literary Supplement

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## Another Belle Dame Sans Merci

"The Green Hat" by Michael Arlen. New York, George H. Doran.

**I**t is not very hard to understand why Michael Arlen's novels are popular. They deal with a more brilliant milieu than most of us have the luck to move in. They tell of a life full of colour, romance and charm, a life where living is an artistically wrought pattern, artificial and unnatural, as much above real life as art is above nature. It is a life that never was on land or sea, but one in which we can move and have our being for a little while in Mr. Arlen's ornate pages. His ladies are delicately lovely, ineffably sweet, graceful and witty. They are beautiful—and weak, and unfaithful, knowing that beauty is a gallant coin that shines most in use, a thing to be admired and loved and passed from hand to hand. Of the men it can be said that they are worthy of the women who are given to them, or more exactly, who give themselves to them.

Such a lovely lost lady was Iris Storm, the heroine of *The Green Hat*. She was a wonderful creature was this Iris Storm, and she came into the life of the narrator in a strange way. She had come to see her brother in his little Mayfair flat, and the man who tells the story, knowing her brother, his neighbour, to be dead drunk at the moment upstairs, invited her into his own apartment where they talked for hours on life and literature before she finally curled up and sank to sleep on his bed. She was a wonderful creature was Iris Storm, born Iris March.—

"You felt she had outlawed herself from somewhere, but where was that somewhere? You felt she was tremendously indifferent as to whether she was outlawed or not. In her eyes you saw the landscape of England, spacious and brave; but you felt unreasonably certain that she was as devoid of patriotism as Mary Stuart. She gave you a sense of the conventions; but she gave you—unaware always, impersonal always, and those cool, sensible eyes!—a much deeper sense that she was somehow outside the comic, squallid, sometimes almost fine laws by which we judge as to what is not conventional... And so I had with this woman that profound sense of incapability, of defeat, which any limited man must feel with a woman whose limitations he cannot know. She was—in that phrase of Mr. Conrad's which can mean so little or so much—she was of all time."

Her host fell under the spell. At least he was careful to find out all that was to be known of this lady in the green hat. At first he heard little to her credit. She had survived two husbands—both of them had died in mysterious ways, one committing suicide by leaping from their hotel window on their marriage night. Loved by many, she was an outcast of society, and it became scandalously clear that if she was staunch in her friendships, she was light in her loves.

(Continued on page four)

## Eclipse

**I**t is well-known to all the righteous that the sun never sets on the British Empire. This is a mark of the special favour of the deity toward that illustrious polity. But we have just experienced a Solar Eclipse. Less civilised people like the Greeks would have taken this as a mark of the disfavour of their Gods, but the British show their superiority by thinking just what it pleases them to think about it and nothing else. For courage is, as we all know, the hall-mark of the civilized; and intellectual courage is the greatest of all courages. Now the Greeks were so cowardly that they allowed that any man who gave in to "hubris" which means "insolence," became the object of the jealousy and therefore the vengeance of the gods; the Greeks had not had the courage to capture and control the gods they had made in their own image.

This achievement remained for the British and marks the near advent of the Millennium—when all the world shall be under British rule. The British bourgeoisie, the backbone of the Empire, has heard that its de-

## Of Misers

Individuals whose Thrift was Emphatically a Saving Grace

by W. Graeme Taylor

**P**URPLE-CLAD misers in chariots may have thundered through the market-place where their fellow misers with wooden alms-bowls lay grovelling on the cobblestones. For truly there have been misers in all walks of life. Kings and kings' councillors have scrimped their expenditure on the table; on pleasure, and on entertainment so that they could augment the supplies of the counting-house. Princes, more seldom perhaps, but still in some frequency, have hoarded their funds. Queens, and not least in this respect was the last and greatest who was queen in her own right, have more than all other members of royalty, shown decidedly cautious methods for the disposal of their annual grants.

The mighty of the earth have had no more direct claim to this charac-

contemporaries probably considered our stone-age man's activities eccentric. But, as he indubitably informed them, they lacked vision. Time would justify what they, who did not have the faculty of thinking in terms several ages in advance of their century, chose to call in some more vigorous language of that day, unpractical nonsense and tomfoolery.

But the long survival of the habit in the past does not guarantee its duration in the future. And surely when one recalls some of the best-known exponents of the practice in former years, and then seeks among acquaintances of the present to find modern representatives of these several types one is struck by their absence?

Those old boys who hoarded here a hundred years ago seem to have been gathered to their fathers in their respective frugal ways, leaving few disciples behind them. Consider these shining lights of their calling, for instance, and you cannot help realizing that their like has gone from the earth and "the world shall know them no more":—

Quite a hundred years ago there was in England an old fellow of the name of Williams—Shanky Williams his friends called him. This Williams led a niggardly life, tramping through the country as a sort of vagabond pedlar. He fell ill in a lodging house at Bristol when he was very old. Shanky knew he was going to die, but nevertheless his only thought was to make money. So after enquiring from the landlord about the town's body-snatchers, he called three of the most notorious to his death-bed; arranging, however, that he was visited by each one separately, so that the body-snatchers did not know that their confreres in the trade had also been on the ground. Shanky sold his body to each of the three—for cash. And when he died and the body-snatchers came to claim the corpse there was such confusion that none of the three obtained Shanky's remains.

Another miser, whose walk in life—apart from the parsimonious practices they had in common—was very different from Shanky's, was a reverend divine, a once-time Curate of Blewberry. This clergyman kept no servants, but performed all his household duties himself. For forty-three years he was known to wear the same hat and coat. The hat lacked a brim, and one day when the clergyman was walking through a field he saw a scarecrow on which someone had fastened a discarded hat. He took the brim from the scarecrow's hat and fastened it on to the crown of his own—the composite creation having a brown crown and a jet black brim. His stockings, which he washed and repaired himself, were said to be so mended that there was hardly a stitch of the original worsted left, and though he possessed several shirts he would only wear one. The shirt he did wear he washed only three times a year—lest it should be worn out by the rubbing—and he patched the upper portion with cuttings from the tail. He slept without his shirt, and on those rare occasions when it was

(Continued on Page Four)

## Vain Comfort

**A**LL dear, sweet things grow gray;  
Time steals the fire from eyes,  
And cracks clear laughter's bell,  
Making of truths sad lies,  
Changing felicities  
To memories.

Ah, then, and shall I dream  
Beside a glowing fire  
Of old, far faded things  
Without desire  
Content with the cold ash  
Of beauty's pyre,

Murmuring that memories  
Are in themselves sweet things,  
Lying that loveliness  
Looked on too long but brings  
Satiety? False, false  
Cold comfort rings.

S.

pends the British scientists have foretold an eclipse: that is to say the eclipse has occurred under its own auspices. It has therefore decided that the eclipse is respectable: it will notice it: the truth is that the Pantheon of the British people has arranged the eclipse for the amusement of its devotees, and since its devotees themselves have the courage to dictate its actions to that Pantheon, this must be true. The British bourgeoisie will therefore go to their greenhouses, where they grow better tomatoes than can be grown anywhere else in the world, and will break a window. Father will do so, because he is head of the family: he is much too clever to cut himself. He will then smoke it over a match, with which he has lit his pipe: he is much too adroit to burn himself, and if the cares of responsibility should have made Iris hand unsteady and he should by mischance burn himself, that will not matter, for nothing is but what seems, and Father is much too brave to show his pain. The other members of the family, because they belong body and soul to Father and there-

teristic, however, than they have held on profligacy and dissipation, and many a court scullion, if caution alone was the chief quality which fitted a man to control a large amount of wealth, has had better right than the sovereign he served, to occupy the throne. But although the underling never gained an opportunity to make full use of his capabilities, he continued to employ them to an extent compatible with his position.

There seems to be no dim historical personage we can remember as the innovator of the custom, although Mr. G. K. Chesterton—granting that he considers a too rigid practice of economy disgraceful—might hazard the remark that it needs no ghost to inform us of such-a-one's nationality. Anyway, the practice started long ago, for misers are mentioned in the Biblical stories. And who knows that the buried bone-yards and stores of stone weapons which archaeologists periodically discover are not but the fruits of some stone-age man's labours?

Doubtless that stone-age gentleman's good spouse complained of the litter which always cluttered up her cave-door. Also his neighbouring

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### "Be Good, Sweet Maid..."

**T**HE very disconcerting, if not actually immoral proposition that goodness and cleverness are somehow incompatible, that they have separated, are no longer living together and will shortly obtain a divorce seems to have amounted almost to an obsession among the Victorian writers.

Charles Kingsley, certainly a very good man himself, gave, perhaps, the clearest and most definite statement of this cleavage between virtue and brilliance in that sweet flower of lyric didacticism where he advises somebody to "be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever." The great Laureate himself was almost as certain of the impossibility of being both good and clever, and there is no doubt but that he also was on the side of the angels and the Queen. Kind hearts and simple faith, he holds, and rightly, are more than the brilliant, clever, witty society of Vere de Vere. In the mind of Thackeray there was no doubt of the existence of the great gulf, but there was some as to which side the author of "Vanity Fair" could claim as his natural habitat. Certainly clever Becky Sharp is a much more attractive picture than silly little goody Amelia. Dickens was a more commendable moralist, and one would never get an inkling from his books that clever people are not good—for the simple reason that while many of his characters are obnoxiously good or obnoxiously bad, none of them by any stretch of imagination can be called clever. But it was an earlier man—Byron, who was probably the *raison d'être* of the legend of the incompatibility of cleverness and virtue. Later on that legend was told and retold, expanded, amplified, and distorted by the Victorians—with some terrible results.

The natural reaction to such a doctrine was that the brighter spirits turned with a rebellious denial against the respectable masters. "Be good, sweet maid," they said, "and let who will be clever" is all very well for sweet maids, but as for us, we prefer to be clever." The logical result was the Nineties, Art for Art's Sake, Oscar Wilde, and a decadence built upon as firm a philosophical foundation as the art from which it was declining. The clever became exceedingly rude to the good, and the good were exceedingly harsh to the clever.

This was an extremely lamentable state of affairs, and one which still persists to a certain extent. Many people, even today, are convinced that Bernard Shaw's plays cannot be good because they are clever, though Saint Joan has lately come as a great shock to them. Similarly much very fine free verse is damned by the prejudiced because it happens to express clever ideas in a clever way. The time is coming, however, when the artificial gulf between the good and the clever will be overcome, when it will be realised that nothing can be clever unless it is also good, and nothing good that is not clever. Then dullness and evil will be banished from the earth. Sermons will be bright and witty, and listening to them a cheerful intellectual exercise rather than a pious soporific. Instead of crying "Be good, sweet maid," poets will sing "Be clever, dear, and then you can't go wrong!" Indeed, even now, no one thinks it very clever to go wrong.

### Variation on a Montaigne Motif

**T**IS a strong evidence of a weak judgment", says Montaigne "when men approve of things for their being rare and new, or where virtue and usefulness are not conjoined to recommend them."

This is profoundly true; but so is its converse. It is no less an evidence of weak judgment when men approve of things solely because they are old and classic, and where virtue and usefulness have long since faded out of them.

The former error is one common to young students, the latter to old professors, and it is laughable to observe how each rails at the other in this shadowy battle between the new and the old, like boys with dirty faces masking one another, neither able to notice his own comical visage.

## The Causes of Crime

H. E. Novick

HERE are various kinds of crime; economic, sexual, political, crimes from motives of vengeance, pathological crimes, etc. All these crimes are caused by certain impulses about which there has arisen an elaborate amount of literature, an enormous collection of statistics and controversies that are ever increasing in volume.

The discussion of crime wanders very often from the social conditions or environments to the man or woman behind the scenes—the criminal.

Now what kind of a person is this criminal?

Such is the question put by the citizen to himself, and immediately comes the answer—he is of a cruel and most beastly type. It would however shock this citizen, perhaps, to read some of the opinions of recent criminologists and sociologists: "the criminal is an undeveloped individual" or "It is society itself that is to blame."

I confess that at first sight my personal contact with the criminal gave my opinion a rude shock, for I was inculcated with the dogmata of a different school than that of these students of crime. Some claim disease as the cause of crime; others that the criminal is solely the product of the rottenness of our present economic system.

What the causes that have produced the criminal are I will attempt to present in a condensed form, and to give an outline of the theories and remedies that have been suggested for the eradication of crime.

One of the greatest experts on this subject, in his day, was Professor Cesare Lombroso. His explanation of the existence of crime was based on the "atavistic theory," by which criminal traits of character are supposed to be inherited from very remote ancestors. Lombroso, by assiduous study and experience, was led to formulate some means of detecting the criminal by particular physical characteristics. His "criminal man" of a thick mop of hair, bushy eyebrows, high cheek bones, and long jaw is quite famous. Even the "criminal woman" was not forgotten, and in his "Female Offender" he says that precosity and virility are signs of the woman criminal. The atavistic theory and most of Lombroso's theories, have been completely shattered, but he is always considered and respected as the "great Master" and one of the leading pioneers in the study of crime.

Another group that has had great influence is the Socialist school, in which are included such men as Bebel, Engels, Lafargue, Ferri and Boner.

Dr. Adrian Boner, in his "Criminology and Economic Conditions" lays the blame of crime at the door of the capitalistic system. Although admitting the existence of criminals who have a psychopathological tendency to crime he says that these are so few, that they are almost unnoticeable. All crimes, including even the psychopathic, find their origin in economic conditions. Our economic system, says Dr. Boner, is based on capitalist exploitation, whereby one class of society accumulates enormous wealth, lives a life of luxury, has satisfaction of all wants, brings up its children in refinement and in a pleasant environment, whilst another class lives a life of poverty and misery, and its children are brought up in a squalid environment, living in houses of one or two rooms, under the influence of an alcoholic father, and in an immoral atmosphere where education is ignored.

Enrico Ferri, the eminent Italian sociologist, although a Socialist is not

too hopeful of erasing all crime under a collectivist state of society. Ferri, unlike Boner, believes biological influences to be more important in many cases than economic influence in causing crime. I am quoting from his interesting work "Socialism and Modern Science," written after his conversion to socialism:—

"To contend that socialism will cause the disappearance of all forms of crime is to act upon the impulse of a generous sentiment, but the contention is not supported by a rigorously scientific observation of the facts... If we suppress poverty and the shocking inequality of economic conditions, hunger, acute and chronic, will no longer serve as a stimulus to crime. Better nourishment will bring about a physical and moral improvement. The abuses of power and of wealth will disappear, and there will be a considerable diminution in the number of crimes due to circumstances (crimes d'occasion), crimes caused principally by the social environment. But there are some crimes which will not disappear, such as revolting crimes against decency due to a pathological perversion of the sexual instinct, homicides induced by epilepsy, thefts which result from a psychopathological degeneration, etc." He admits however that a socialist system will tend to mitigate all degenerating forces. Ferri also believes in the existence of criminals who have the "congenital tendency to crime"—a doctrine so severely criticized by Boner.

The Olson-Hickson Theory, founded on the views of Kraepelin and Bleuler in Europe, considers that "crime is caused by a physical defect of the brain. This defect renders its victims "so far below normal in emotion that he has little or no conscience." That is to say, all criminals have no scruples of morality and no emotion, and would therefore commit crime without feelings of shame. This physical defect is known technically as Dementia Praecox, and is inherited. A certain writer also claims in commenting on this theory, that 89% of all crimes are due to heredity. However, according to Kraepelin, the physical defect is by no means the sole cause of crime.

In his work "Dementia Praecox" Prof. Kraepelin, mentions certain effects of this disease namely, hallucinations of hearing, hallucinations of sight, ideas of sin, ideas of persecution, exalted ideas. From what is known of the criminal, on the other hand he by no means invariably has these characteristics.

Havelock Ellis, is not so despairing of the present as are the writers quoted above, for he says, "The rising flood of criminality is merely an additional spur to that great task of social organization to which, during the coming century, we are called."

W. D. Morrison in "Crime and its Causes" asserts that "prosperity generates criminal inclinations as well as adversity, and on the whole the rich are just as much addicted to crime as the poor."

We have now reached the point where various remedies are suggested for improving conditions. The Socialist thesis is well known. Others such as Ellis and Carroll approve of the existence of capitalism and think that crime is part and parcel of social evolution. Messrs. Olson-Hickson have suggested "sterilization" as a remedy. This plan can best be explained in the words of Mr. Strother: "All crime can be eliminated in a gen-

(Continued on page four)

*Artists and Models**at His Majestys*

"*Artists and Models*" belongs to a certain extent with the drama of realism in that it is an accurate copy of life. It mirrors life not only in its variety, its speed and its beauty, but in its crude humour, its hearty vulgarity and its occasional lapses into sentimentalism. In spite of its title, it is thus much further removed from art in the direction of life than is the only other similar production that we have seen here this year—"Charlot's Revue." "*Artists and Models*" falls a long way behind the English revue as a work of art. It lacks the polish and finish and has nothing of the delicate wit and subtle satire of the London show. Its comedy is of a broader and lower type—for Comedy, like the Church, has its dimensions and can be High, Low or Broad. There is some jolly plain speaking scattered throughout the lines, and a little refreshing coarseness more akin to life than art.

This is most apparent in "All Wet", a delightful burlesque on "Rain". This was undoubtedly the cleverest, and, to my mind, the most screamingly funny feature of the whole show. Its morals, very properly from the viewpoint of the dramatist, if not from that of the moralist, were those of the semi-savage South Sea island on which the scene of the playlet was laid. The plot concerns Sadie Thompson, an adventuress, skilfully portrayed by George Rosener, who charms the men of Pago Pago, an island in the South Pacific, where it rains most of the time. Mr. Davidson, a visiting missionary attempts to reform Sadie, but soon succumbs to the lure of her easy virtue. Sadie, herself, was priceless, and her account of how she was a good girl once—just once, must be heard to be believed. The Rev. Davidson's heroic struggle with him,

self not to give in to the fair charmer was a religious education.

The finest individual comedy work was that of Jack Pearl. He is a Jewish comedian with a new and original type of offering, and his dialogue with Ben Bard and his performance in the Cave of Innocence scene were a constant ripple of delight.

An artistic note was struck in several scenes of real beauty, among which "The Flowers of Evil", "When Beauty Calls" and "Japanese Prints" are deserving of special praise.

"The Critic" by James Motngomery Flagg was a rather absurd variation on the theme that all critics are jealous and envious detractors of creative art. George Rosener, as an old soldier, gave an effective interpretation of a civil war veteran in a skit that was marred by much futile and pointless by-play.

The singing, with one or two exceptions was not above the average though the dancing, both of individuals and of the chorus was very good, and the statuesque, gaudily draped beauty of many of the "models" was not the least attractive feature of the revue.

—A. J. M. S.

*Reductio ad Absurdum*

*Catholicism and the English Mind*  
by Humphrey Johnson. Published by  
Basil Blackwell, Oxford. Price:—  
one shilling and sixpence net.

THE writer of this review has recently had the pleasure of perusing one of the most interesting pieces of Catholic propaganda which it has been his fortune to read in a long time. The subtle author of "*Catholicism and the English Mind*" had inserted on the title-page beneath the title itself his advertisement: A study in religious psychology. The presumption was, quite naturally enough, that the discussion would be a sharp analysis of the singular mental and social forces which seem to be turning men's minds in England to that particular aberration of Christianity known to the Faithful as "Anglo-Catholicism." The disillusionment which came with greater knowledge of the pamphlet was not changed to disappointment, for Mr. H. J. T. Johnson's system of rationalization is based entirely on the simple expedient of demonstrating what arrant asses non-Catholics are, and in this the great apologist succeeds

very well, and so on the whole has given us a most entertaining satire of the upholder, the well-doer, the god-slayer, and in fact all types of thinkers on social problems. Mr. Johnson might have done better, it is quite conceivable, if he had left out the few pages of description of the young Catholic at the end of his book, for one can hardly help getting the impression that this amiable person is also somewhat of an ass.

The brochure opens with a dialogue on divorce and moves on to one on faith and authority, which consumes the major part of the book. Those taking part in the dialogue are all kinds of what Humphrey Johnson probably regards as hopeless fools, ranging all the way from vegetarians, eugenists, petty pamphleteers, free-thinkers, and Low Churchmen to a rabbi and controllers of birth. These people are made to emit their inanities, (punctuated occasionally by words of wisdom from the young Catholic pearl-thrower, Basil Gordon, a student of Christ Church), which are intended to take the place of stones in an intellectual Jasonic conflict, till at last we see little Basil, Jason-like, standing alone.

Canon Maudeley, who opens the debate in "*Catholicism and the English Mind*" is essentially wrong, because he is Anglican instead of Catholic, but he is made to expose himself to the ridicule of all when, refusing to accept the authority of either Church or Gospel on faith, he avers his inborn reliance on morals of non-provable authenticity.

Sir Ralph Middleton, whose hobby is agitation for reform in the divorce laws, undergoes much brutal self-exposure in the dialogue. A single example is when he casually says, "Italy, Spain, and Ireland have as yet failed to fall into line with the rest of the civilized world (if indeed we can consider those countries to be part of it!)"

The Warden of Rochester College commits a laughable stupidity in his attempt to discriminate between geniuses and morons at the gate of everlasting life. He says, "Are we to believe that the majestic spirits of a Goethe, or of a Darwin, throned upon high in the Kingdom of God, are to be disturbed in the fruition of their eternal beatitude by the company of the spirit of an ignorant unwashed, bigoted Irish peasant? Our reason and, our conscience alike answer 'No.'" It might be said in reply, to neglect altogether the aspect of the boresomeness of a heaven of geniuses, that Goethe and Darwin might carry on their work in their heavenly home to a much greater advantage if they had a gallery of dirty peasants who at least could appreciate them.

A certain Dr. Jenks, free-thinker and wax figure in Mr. Johnson's Rogues' Gallery, falls into the following sly humor: "What English theologian of to-day who cared for his scientific reputation would dare to defend the legend of the Virgin birth, rooted as its origin is in the pathogenetic myths of the lower culture?" Can this morsel have slipped in unbeknown to Mr. Johnson?

Thus there is presented before our contemplation a number of deluded sheep who are objects of just ridicule and if such are the only alternatives to Catholicism, we may all well fall back on the church, "quae super petram aedificata est."

—A. B. L.

*I Have Dreamed*

I have dreamed of writing sonnets for you  
As fresh and free and beautiful as sunlight  
Pouring through black branches; see where one bright  
Yellow maple leaf against the sky's blue  
Dances and sparkles in the glint of a few  
Thin stray rays, and shines—as some song might,  
With a clear beauty, if I could only write  
About you in the way I want to do.  
  
My dear, my dear, I love you so intensely;  
My love is not sunlight but a wind  
Blowing through leaves and gnarled branches densely  
Interwined; it is a windy thief  
Crashing across the orchard of my mind,  
Tearing a song down like a crumpled leaf.

N. R.

often than not, maintain a dignified silence lest I betray my ignorance.

**YOUTH AND ADOLESCENCE.** I wonder if other people make the same distinction between these two words as I do. My dictionary gives "youth" as "the period between boyhood and manhood." But to me there seems to be a finer distinction. Youth is the physical, bodily state; adolescence the mental, spiritual. Every one passes through glorious youth; it is all around us in the colleges; Charles Ray, for instance, the movie actor, will always typify youth to me. But as for Adolescence—well that's a different matter. Not to everyone comes this stage of skeptical thought, this age of metaphysical rationalism. Blessed is he who can prolong this period, cursed the one who never passes through it. I think it is the most beautiful stage of life, connecting, as it does, the Theological and the Positive. To me Descartes' philosophy will always typify the mind of Adolescence. That is just the difference between Youth and Adolescence, and it seems to me to be a most unfortunate thing that both, practically always arrive at the same time and one is torn between the two conflicting desires: pleasure, sport and the like, on the one hand; intellectualism, reformationism on the other.

*Words,  
Idle Words*

Gordon W. Levy

**E**GOISM AND EGOTISM. These two words have always aroused my ire. I could never distinguish between them. Even today, I cannot tell which is which. Books I read give no clue to their distinct meanings; they use them indiscriminately. People whom I ask hem and haw, go off at a tangent, and finally declare that there is no difference or boldly confess their ignorance. In one of my sudden moments of frantic despair, I consulted a dictionary—the first I could lay hands upon. It was an abridged one, so I thumbed the pages with a sinking feeling. Ah, there it was! "Egoism-egotism," and a little further down: "Egotism-subjective idealism." I ran to a bigger dictionary, a more voluminous, and at least beautifully bound, with coloured pictures and tabulated statistics. "Egoism," said this book, was "a passionate love of self;" "Egotism," on the other hand, was "an exaggerated love of self!" I gave it up in despair. I have never gone near a good dictionary, lest I find something similar there, and my despair be turned to complete disgust.

**STUBBORN AND OBSTINATE.** Similarly with "stubborn" and "obstinate." In high school I learned that if one was a gentleman he reserved one term for animals in general and the other particularly for the two-legged mules. But which is which? I often wonder, if on being termed "stubborn," my denouncer is trying to be a gentleman, is decidedly insulting, or is in the same dilemma that I am. I eye him suspiciously, but, more

*Eclipse*

(Continued from Page One.)

fore have some reflected importance, will be allowed a few seconds glimpse through the glass, but most of the available time will be required for Father, since he knows and understands all things and his opinion on any subject is therefore valuable. His opinion will be duly expressed and the family will receive it in appropriate awe. Other people may differ, but for that reason they will be wrong. It will subsequently pass as an incident into the family epic to be related in the evenings after business by Father standing before the altar of the Lares and Penates with his back to the fire. The recital will be somewhat as follows—"Some years ago, when I was a little younger, there was an Eclipse of the Sun. I watched it of course. Smith, Jones, Robinson, and Brown; the members of my club and my employees wished to hear my opinion about it. I—and so on. This has been a very successful eclipse."

—VESPASIANO.

